

QUEST



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LYNN UNIVERSITY

LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL

QUEST

Spring 2007

Quest, the annual literary and arts journal of Lynn University, continues to grow and evolve as one of the most important statements about the creative and artistic spirit on our campus. Special thanks must go out to Prof. Glenn Toscano and his Graphics Practicum class for their work in laying out the publication. Particularly, thanks must go to Samantha Friedman for her efforts in the production of this journal. Potential contributors to Quest should submit their work in the fall to Dr. Lizbeth Keiley, Editor, in the Office of Arts & Sciences at Freiburger Hall.

Cover Designed by Samantha Friedman
Layout & Design by Samantha Friedman



Poetry Photography Drawing Painting Abstraction



Rude Awakening

By Brian Felder

A dog's bark on the morning air
is the first sound I hear waking,
my mind stuttering into consciousness
like an automobile engine on a cold day.
The light from outside, blocked but there,
tells me the hour is still early,
too early to get up,
but up I get to raise the shades
and see whose mutt that was.
This man and that beast will have words later
about the meaning of sleeping in, I tell myself,
as if I could possibly explain Saturday to a dog,
much less a hangover.



Untitled by Carolina Tolliver



An Eye for Everything by Alicia Tardugno



Old With The New by Joel Fletcher

For the Time Being

By David Lawrence

I look at the digital clock and wonder if time
is math or the disappearance
of our lives.

Where am I going?

What numbers dispute my future sum?

I can never get enough dim sum.

That is a Chinese digression.

The astronauts complain.

I want to take a rocket ship

past the hour hand

and arrive at the pulsations

of the moon.

Disrupt me from the wheel

of death

before I roll down the hill

into garbage.

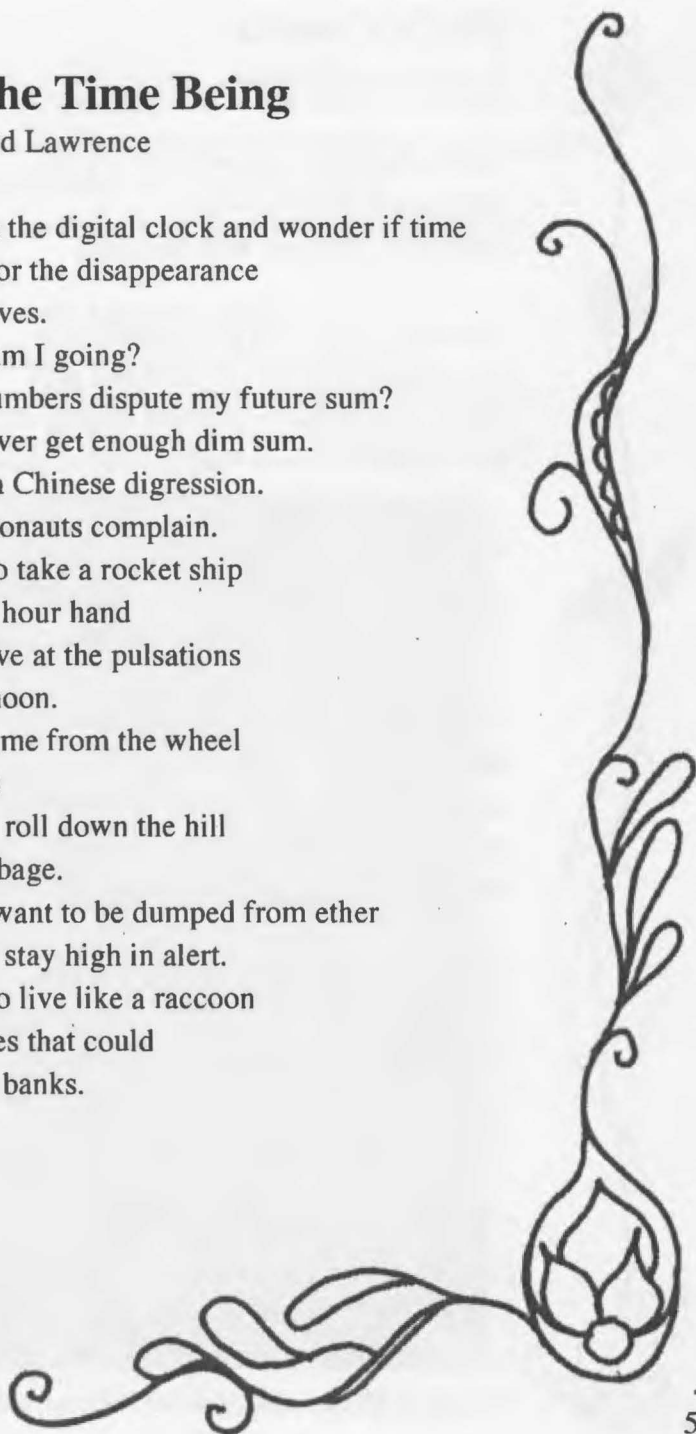
I don't want to be dumped from ether

so I can stay high in alert.

I want to live like a raccoon

with eyes that could

hold up banks.



Hell's Crotch

By Christina Ginfride

I awoke to a crow gnawing at my ear.

"Damn you alarm clock!"

I had been sleeping with the dead.

How did I end up in plot number ten
topless and tangled in vodka and gin?

I kind of remember a demon ripping off his face,
like a piece of slimy leather hard to erase.

It must have been my demon crew
who challenged Aramus and his rank,
calling him a pussy, an underling.

I'm starting to remember rolling up in a hearse
and tearing off the door,
my demon crew stumbling over entrails and bones.
Inside the pub the smoke was thick;
the ceiling held heavy bone chandeliers.

Aramus swaggered up to the bar,
slammed down his face and ordered a drink.

"Pick your poison," the bartender said.

"Raise your glasses and drink to the dead."

"What was the name of that damned pub?" I said.

The bar was crowded, packed in full.

Did I play some darts or was it poker?

I do remember we pinned Aramus's face to the
board.

Whoever hit his nose got the highest score.

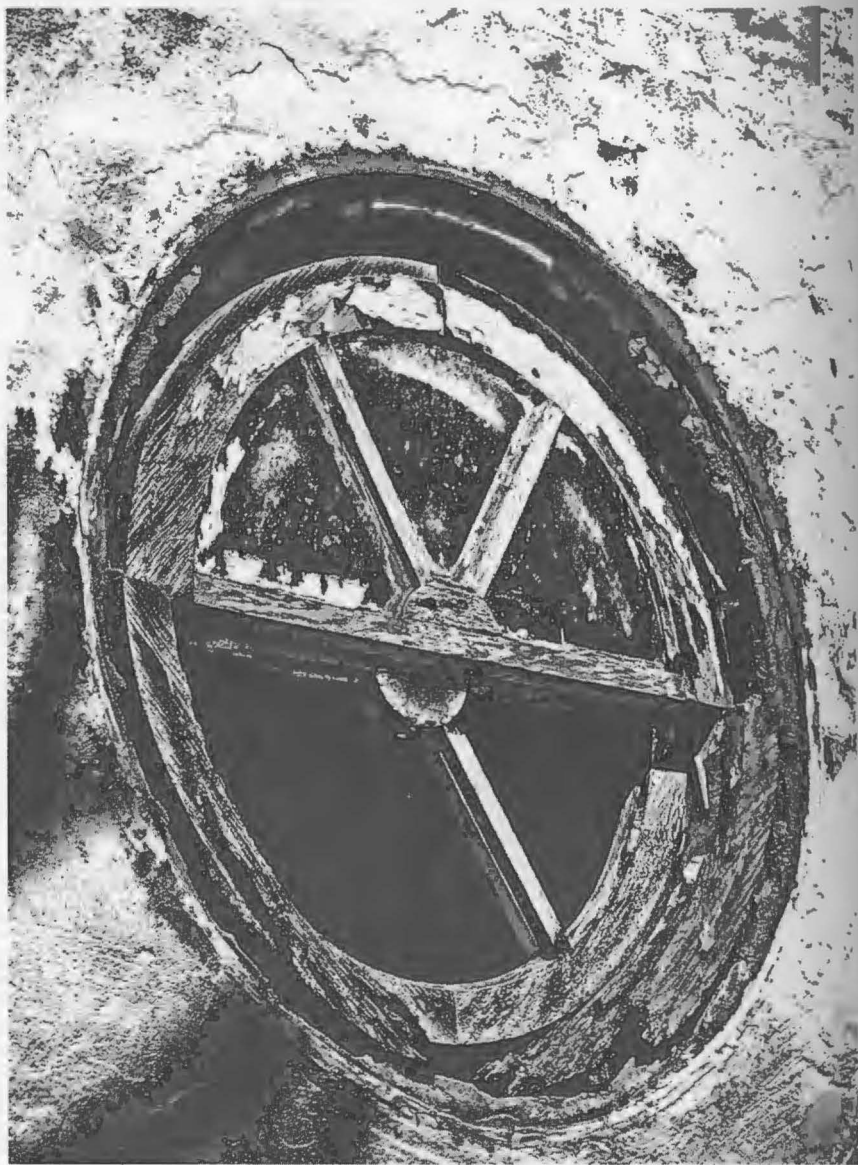


We talked about society, liquid detergent, and squirrels,
and someone said something about banging headless girls.
It's a shame Aramus can't hold his liquor.
The poor bastard was pale from puking in the stalls.

I can't recall how I got to my bed,
with skulls and ribcages dancing in my head.
I think the pub's name might have been Hell's Crotch.
Except, I'll never remember; I was seriously sloshed.



Collage by Heidi Meyers



Wheel by Ashley Nugent



Footsteps

By Mika Parkinson

She must have fallen asleep at the root of the maple tree.

I come to call her for dinner.

Her face looks like snow.

I call her name softly,

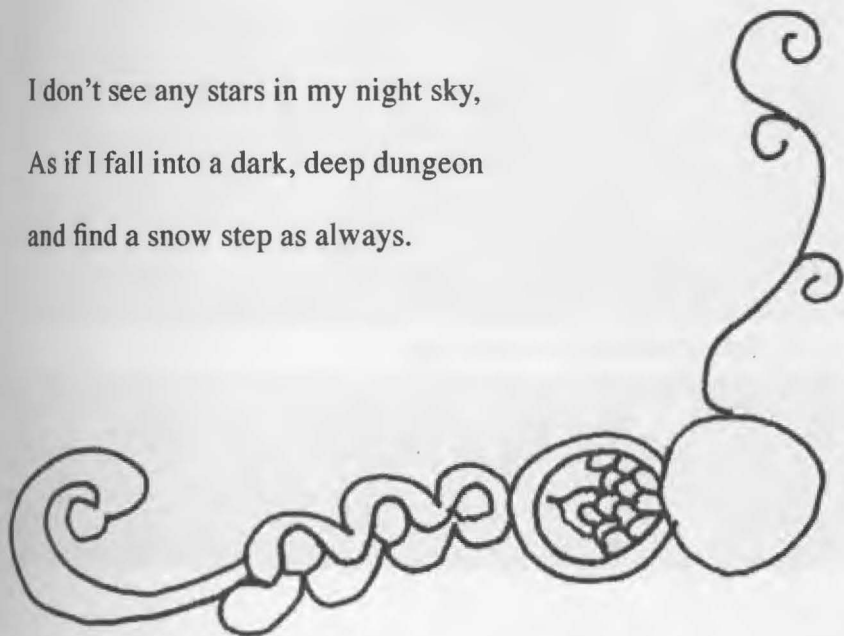
“Mother, it is dinner time. You must pick up brother after that.”

The cold wind responds to me instead.

I don't see any stars in my night sky,

As if I fall into a dark, deep dungeon

and find a snow step as always.





Man Sings with Mouth Open While on Bicycle

By Joanne Lowery

Happy words hiss from his smile
like air from a tire: oh oh oh
this beautiful fall day.

His feet pedal more wind
to shake down more leaves,
each verse followed by a golden refrain.

A young man on his bike headed downtown

~~groans about the joy of being with traffic~~

in the heart of a crimson world.

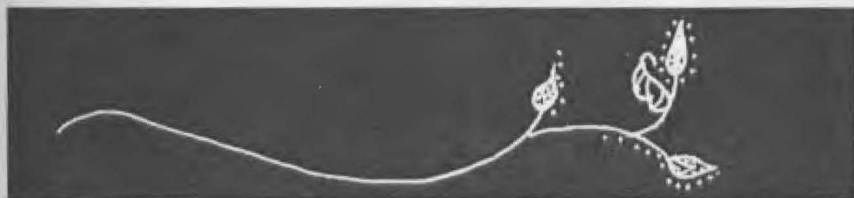
Sycamore is a ballad, maple a dirge.

The only anthem he knows pledges allegiance
to blue skies and powerful legs

that can kick through piles of leaves,
clasp the pale waists of virgin beech,
ignore winter humming north of the boulevard.



Sushi by John Myers



I'm doing this for you Nate, Andrew, Dave, Mike, and Michele

By Jonathan Colnaghi

I'm doing this for you Nate, Andrew, Dave, Mike, and Michele
Cause I'm living in hell
Wishing I could bring you back from the sky
Dear America this is my battle cry
But first let us not forget
These fallen angels who were so heaven-sent
Now for goodness sake let me tell you what's the matter
The disenfranchised and poverty stricken trying to climb this
crooked ladder
As these majestic roses try to grow
Our love we cannot show
Because we are conditioned to believe we're below
The government's line
That lets us know behind those tears there's a human mind
How can the worth of a man even be defined
Especially by those in a class of elite
Who have never lived in a house without heat
Or come home to a fridge without meat
So as much as racism bleeds the United States
Classicism is generating the most hate
While president Bush spins the wheel of fate
Till it stops on genocide
Let it read on my gravestone I tried
To coincide
With this democracy of hypocrisy
But I could not sit by
And keep my mouth shut while innocent people die
And all the government does is lie
Leave no child behind they said

Well come to my town of Red Hook where they left all our babies
for dead
In a poverty stricken pot of despair
Where we try to whisper "God save us" prayers
Through the air
Since we already know the government does not care
But look, look! Are we not beautiful enough for the elite?
We are forgotten roses who grew from concrete
So why not celebrate our tenacity and will to survive
These are our damaged petals for which we cannot hide
Now are you ashamed because in the end you are the ones to blame
Since poverty and pain have no name, or color, or race
It's like we're trying to breath with saran wrap around our face



The Whole Pack by John Myers

What the Blind Man Saw

By Jeff Morgan

They had to tie him to the chaise lounge
out on the patio
because he would roll off
onto the cement.

They tied his wrists to the arm rests
and strapped a large belt around his waist
and around the chaise lounge.

By threading rope through the criss-crossed straps,
they tied his ankles.

He couldn't move much,
but he said he like the wind and the sounds of the weather
and the birds and insects.

If they neglected him for a while,
which was often,
he had to extend his jaw and blow up at a fly on his face
while overhearing their laughter through the sliding glass doors.

He said he liked the smell of shit.

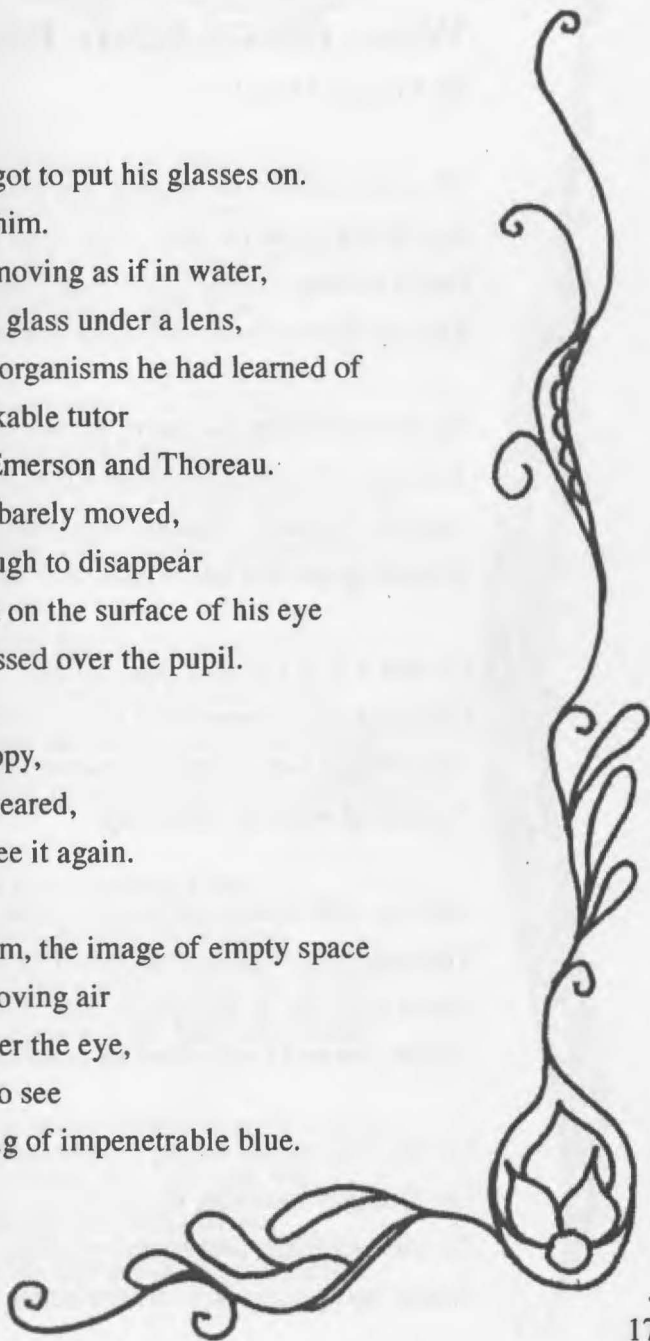
Today, they forgot to put his glasses on.

The sun smote him.

He saw things moving as if in water,
caught between glass under a lens,
tiny things like organisms he had learned of
from the remarkable tutor
who read him Emerson and Thoreau.
The organisms barely moved,
but moved enough to disappear
as if they swam on the surface of his eye
and had just passed over the pupil.

One looked happy,
and as it disappeared,
he strained to see it again.

Then, before him, the image of empty space
full of warm moving air
spread itself over the eye,
which squints to see
into the whirring of impenetrable blue.



When the Gods are Blind

By Eugene Martel

We woke before the blazing sun arose
And breakfasted on fruit, duck eggs and rice.
Dawn turning village floor from black to rose,
The day forebode no evil – hot but nice.

We left the coast, the town, his house, his wife
And drove the meager forest road alert.
And yet, content. Though danger lurked, my life
Seemed good that day within this realm of hurt.

I'd met a girl, exciting past belief,
Livening verve benumbed in war's debris.
That village had become, however, brief,
A place of waking sensuality.

And so, with a buoyant heart, I drove
Through forest shade remembering the fate
which took me to that place, that sheltered cove,
Where she and I entwined early and late.

He too, the valiant friend I sat beside,
Let thoughts meander to our recent stay,
To wife, children and home, wishing our ride
Would carry us back to where hopes lay.



The jeep, jouncing along the rutted road,
Cruelly kept us both aware of where
We were, of who we were, and why we rode
Deepening jungle trails in stifling air.

*A splash on face and hair, wet, but no rain.
Rat-tat-tat. Accelerate. Make esses!
Wipe the wetness – it's red – blood, but no pain;
Fatigues splattered with red and grey messes.*

*Do not look at him! You'll cry when you see
Now concentrate, careening on death row!
Turn! Turn! Ignore whining bullets; just flee!
Listen! The firing's stopped, and death lies low.*

My silent friend for company, I fled
Across the paddies, jungle left behind.
Why? Why was I the quick and he the dead?
Why do angels see when the gods are blind?

Conceived in lust, then birthed in pain, we men,
We love and procreate, we fight and die.
In truth, we multiply our woes by ten.
We act and wonder that we did . . . and why!



Seeds

By Brittany Barberino

This enduring vitality of the genesis
made

Everyone beautiful and broken

Tension hung our

lids heavy with eyeliner and sleep

We spent three days talking about the importance
Of not wanting but getting redress

Taking drug seeds

Created Comatose Closeness

This grew feed feelings

Of remorse and hope

Every freckled and scared arm

Was stimulated into originality

None of which we knew not better

In this purple room

Smoke dripped reason for being

Completeness came with hard beats

A relapse from the heat

Languages we bore life to there

Spoke about gods from papyrus

We were a better breed of human

So in stasis we symbolized the horizon



Untitled by Rachel cooper



The Joker

By Yanni Papadakis

I put on this mask,
And I laugh and I laugh
To conceal all my pain
While I build up this name
With the things that I hide
Like the words that I've lied
About the mask on my face
And what it's replaced.

But, I laugh and I laugh
While I hide all my screams
And retreat to my bed
And my black broken dreams,
And I wake up with tears
Because the days turned to years
And there's no end in sight
To this miserable fight.

But, I'm not giving up
Because I'm armed with a
knife,
And I'm taking control
Because this is my life.
And, I'll slice through the dark,
And I'll stab at the lies
As the eveil approaches.
I'll strike at its eyes
And blind it to me

And the things that I do,
So the goodness within
Has a chance to shine through.

And, the light will return,
And the darkness will burn,
And the mask will come off,
And then where will I turn?



The Shdow by Ashley Nugent and Sasha Galesi

Frozen Memory

By Jana Fuson

Winter has returned,
the lonely memory of my soul
yearning for new blossoms,
yet my only gifts
are bitter winds and bare branches.
Tears have frozen around my heart
and through the icy crystals, I see you,
blissfully content, unaware,
warm in the haven you carved for yourself.
But while I welcomed you into this heart,
you left me in the cold.

Time and again, I've ventured towards
this icy region, praying for warmth,
only to be turned away by
the sharp guards of your fortress.

For this eternal winter,
there is only one deterrence:
A fire that burns hot enough
to drown you out of my memory.



DO J AVIATOR
X
MIKKI

APRIL 1ST

SHOW TAKES
OFF AT 11 PM

18 TO FLY
21 TO DRINK

Untitled by Leigh Grimes



Will Brandt Mimic by Joel Fletcher

Father

By Daniel Kaufler

I will never forget the first time
My father told me I was a failure,

Even though
I don't remember what he said.

I will never forget all the times
He told me that I was weak,

Even though
He never said it directly.

I will never forget my father
Telling me I was not good enough,

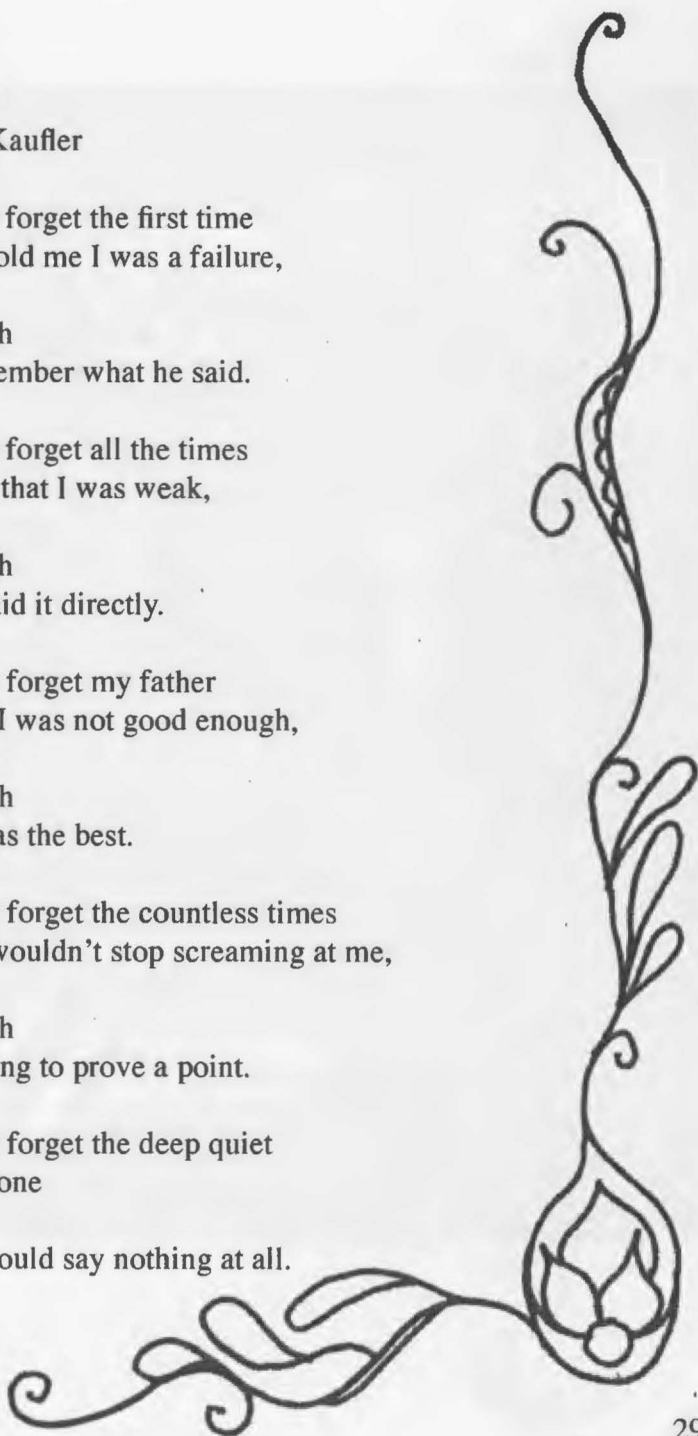
Even though
To him I was the best.

I will never forget the countless times
My father wouldn't stop screaming at me,

Even though
He was trying to prove a point.

I will never forget the deep quiet
Of being alone

When he would say nothing at all.





Collage

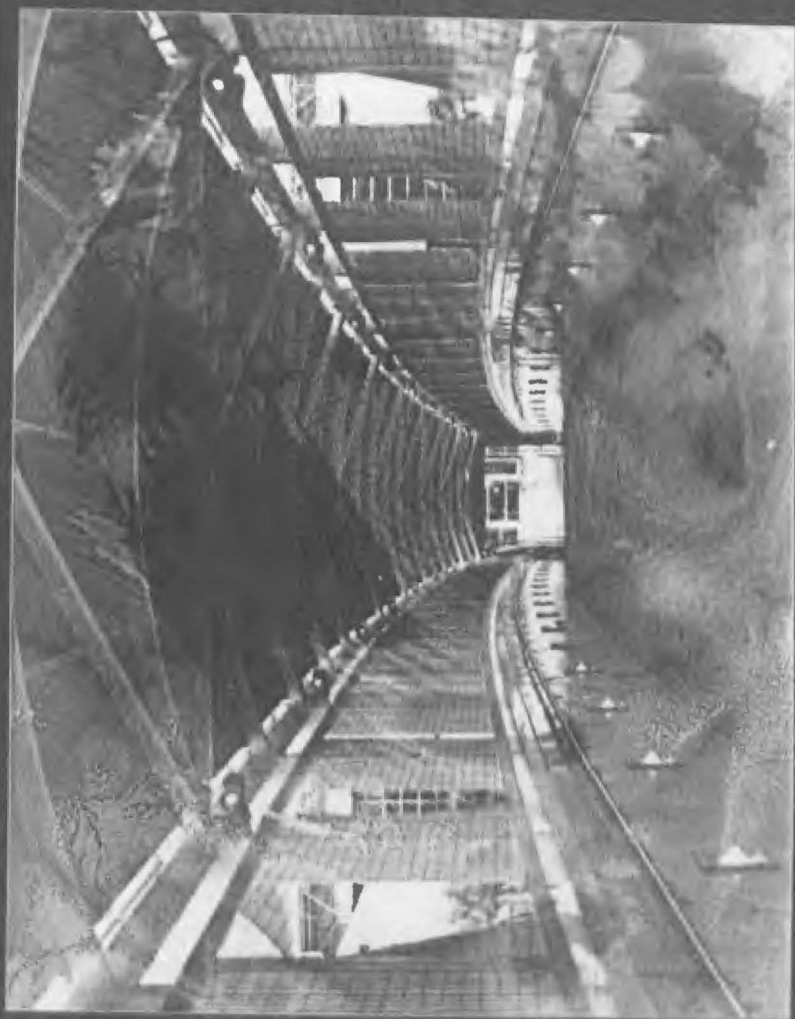
By Diane Allerdyce

It must have been autumn,
I think, since in the photo
I'm wearing a turtleneck.

Childish lips slightly pursed,
I am leaning over the keyboard,
trying hard not to miss a note

while my dad,
ice cubes probably melting
in the glass he's holding,

leans in with me-
trying to help me
not miss them.



Path by Brian Fisch

Path by Brian Fisch



Six Degrees Of Separation

by Elaine Deering

When you were born, I cradled you in my arms, and nursed you,
and slept with
you in my room.

Finally, after two days, I set you down to shower, and you cried.
As the warm water washed over my body, I smiled through the
pain of
separation, a smile of triumph that you missed me too.

When I needed to wean you, because it was time to return to
work a
more fulfilled woman, I could hardly bear to break those bonds.
The guilt from withholding my milk from your willing mouth
was rending.

The day I turned you over to your day caretaker, you turned your
eyes
to her, and flashed her a brilliant smile while I suffered pangs of
relief,
regret, and loss for sharing you with another woman.

The day I walked you to class and kissed you in parting as I
always
did and you pulled away in embarrassment ("Not in front of my
friends"),
I was stung with the shock of unexpected rejection.

The time you purposefully strode away from me in the mall
Quickly disappearing among the endless corridors of shops
so your friends wouldn't see you with your mother,
you left me bewildered, clutching your brother's hand
reassuringly.

Today, you and I will close on your first condo
which you will move into with your fiancée,
and our separation that began with the clamping of the cord is
complete.

I am glad that this was not an occasion of gladness.



Baby by Chris Morgan





Whirley Pop by Chris Morgan

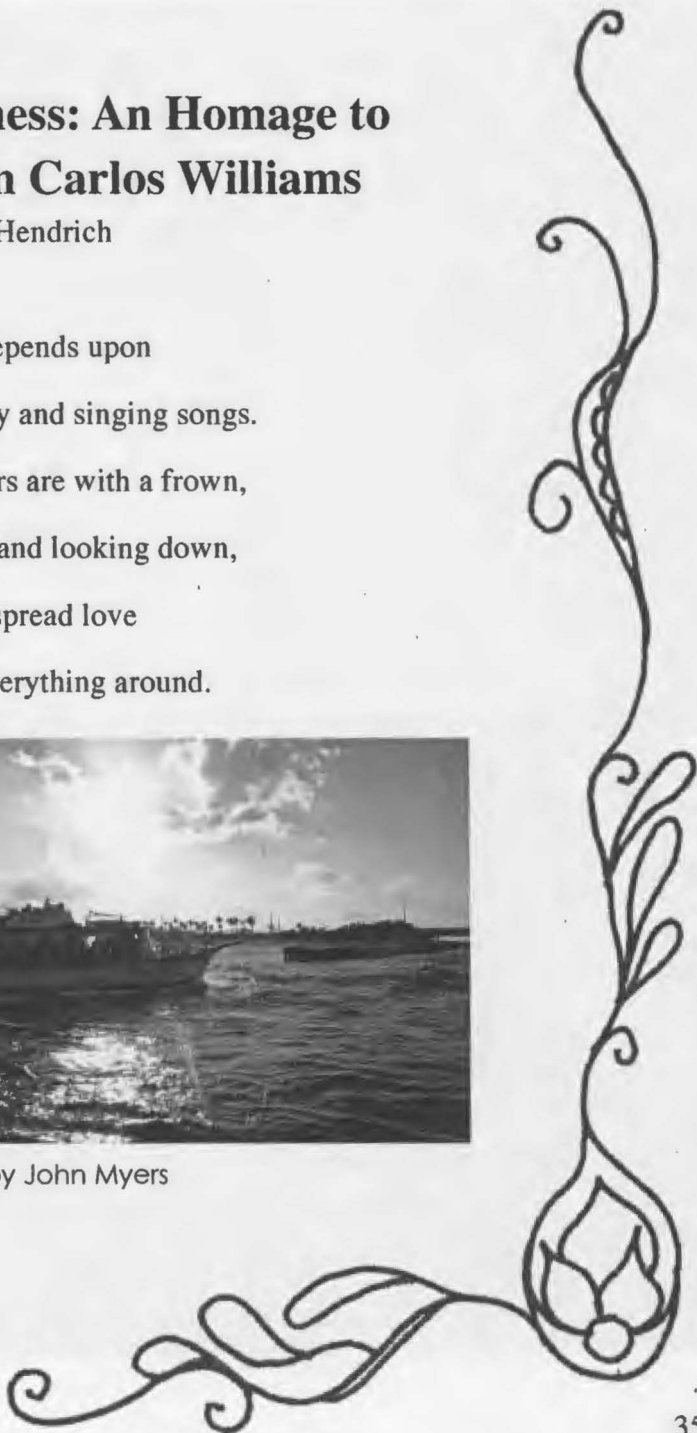
Happiness: An Homage to William Carlos Williams

By Steven Hendrich

So much depends upon
being happy and singing songs.
While others are with a frown,
being mad and looking down,
you could spread love
and turn everything around.



Untitled by John Myers

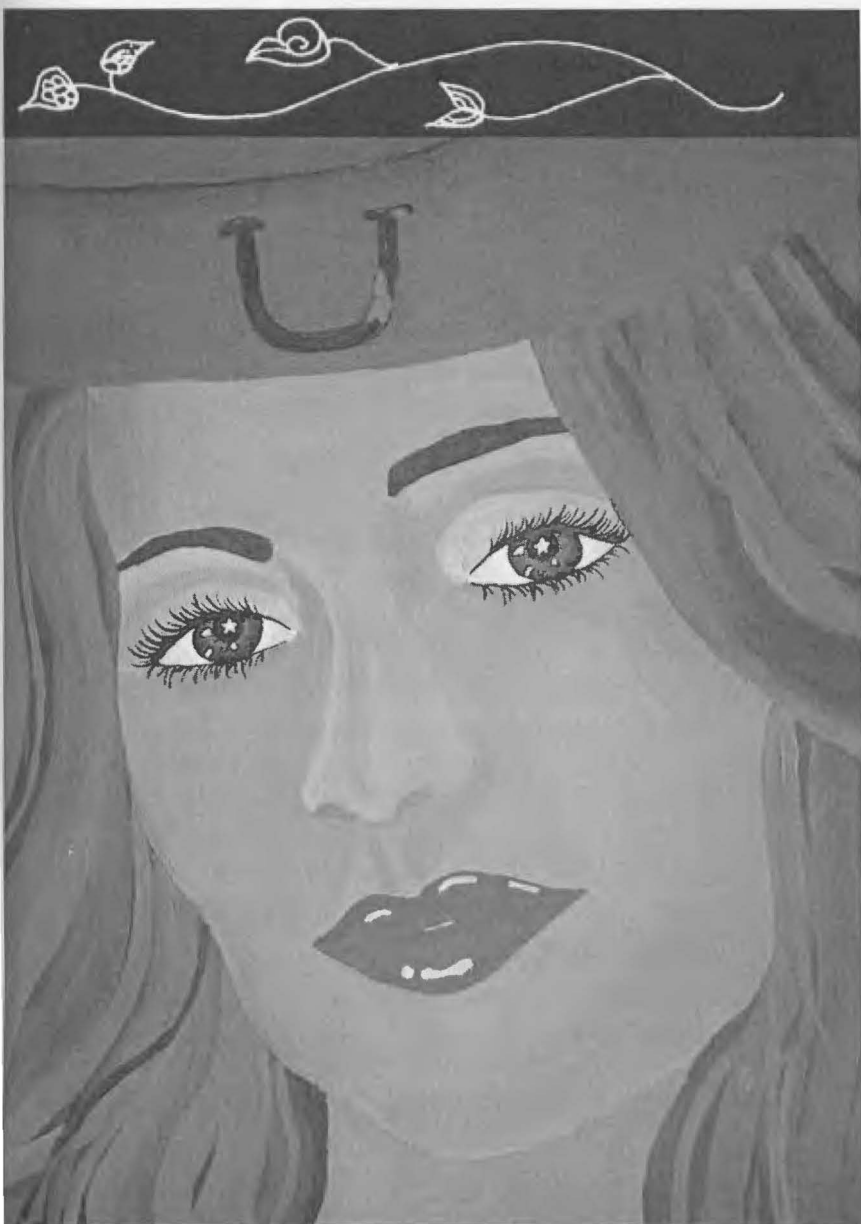




Boutique at the End of the Road

By Karen R. Porter

Oh, we got the wisdom now.
We got the blood
streaming from our fingertips,
the jagged pewter, the smoke
of just extinguished candles.
We got feathers and a fancy name
no one knows how to say.
We got scrambled little paintings,
parchments full of tangles,
and an obscure past.
We got fables, fantasy, mythic monsters and the food
to keep them happy.
We got everything you need
for a nightmare feast.
We got flowers and poisons and
skulls with strange engravings,
occult eyes and arcane ears
to hear the secrets in the walls.
We got waters and tinctures and
pieces of a thousand souls
floating in a drop of dew,
the tears of angels held in bells
ringing out the music of the spheres.
We got all these. Yeah,
we got the wisdom now.



Madonna by Samantha Friedman



FLAT TIRE

by David Fleisher

(Editor's Note: "Flat Tire," which has been produced at several theaters, was published by Smith & Kraus in THE BEST MEN'S STAGE MONOLOGUES of 1999.)

SETTING: A bare stage

AT RISE: DEXTER is standing next to a flat automobile tire. HE fiddles with a tape recorder, then carefully places it, center stage, on the floor next to the tire.

DEXTER

Testing ... testing. Okay, I was driving down the road when all of a sudden I hear this horrible noise. Sounded like a gunshot. The car starts to weave every which way, and I almost drove into a canal. I managed to pull over into a ditch ... got out and immediately saw I had a flat tire.

(Pause)

Beth, as I record this I'm standing next to the tire in question ... the car ... well, I don't know where the hell it is, and frankly I don't care. The sun is shining, birds singing, air feels ... strike that ... strike all that. Beth, I need to tell you something. It's been gnawing away at my insides for quite some time. I want you to know the truth about me ... all of it ... I'm gonna just come right out and say it. I know things are a little different between us now, but still you deserve to know who I really am.

I get the feeling you'd like me to be some sort of renaissance man, you know, do anything, if I set my mind to it. Well, Beth, I know myself, and that's just not gonna happen. This tire lying next to me?

(Pause)

Why do you think it's lying next to me?

(Shouting at tape recorder)

Because I don't know what to do with it!

(Stares at recorder a moment)

Again? Fine.

(Shouting)

I do not know how to change a flat tire!

Okay? In fact, I have never been able to change a flat tire. Remember a month ago, Beth, when I called you from a pay phone and said I'd be late for dinner 'cause I was changing a tire on the Interstate? That was a lie. I was having my car washed. I don't know how to check my oil. I don't know how to put water in the radiator. I don't even know where the radiator is. And you know what else, Beth? I have absolutely no idea how to install an air filter. In fact, I didn't know until recently that cars even had air filters. I don't know the difference between a carburetor and a crank shaft.

See, Beth, in this society men are expected to know about all that stuff. Now just hear me out ... God knows when I'll get up the nerve to be this candid again. The typical "90's Woman" wants to be free and independent ... say fuck just like the men. But you know what I think? Deep down, Beth, a woman, any woman, including you, if given the choice, and I'll get specific here, would rather not change a flat tire. Oh, sure, she may take out the jack, roll up her sleeves ... you know, she's being independent and all. But you know what she's really thinking? Why doesn't that mothball-boyfriend-of-mine get over here?!



Look, I know you've met a zillion guys - one guy in particular, and I'll get to him in a minute - they can all change a tire with both hands tied behind their backs. Oh, I've met the type, believe me.

(Stares at tape recorder)

What's all this got to do with us?! Beth, heh - loh? If I can't perform the most basic male task of changing a tire, it begs the question: what else can't I do? Will I be able to fix the lawnmower when it gets broken? No. Will I be able to fix your hair dryer when it breaks? Don't count on it. Will I be able to fix the reading light on your side of the bed when it falls off? I don't think so. And speaking of the bed, will I be able to satisfy you sexually?

(Stares at recorder a few moments)

We were lucky that time.

Beth, let me ask you something. Do you have any idea what it feels like ... I mean, for me personally ... to be standing next to this tire? One word. Degrading.

(Kicks tire)

... it's flat ... I can't fix it. So here I am. All alone. God knows where. No one to talk to. Suffering. That's right, Beth, suffering. (kicks tire, repeatedly)

... all because of this son-of-a-bitchin' tire! And I don't even have the balls to tell you about it in person. I'm sending you a tape because I'm too embarrassed to look you in the eye. Now I ask you: are those the actions of a man ... a real man? I don't think so.

I can just see us married. Take our honeymoon! We're getting ready for bed, you're dressed in a silk negligee, we throw the covers back, you climb into bed and throw your arms out for me to join you. Then an expression of awareness spreads over your

face; suddenly, you remember something and whisper softly to me: "Honey, you're an intelligent, sweet, compassionate man ... but ... well, let's face it, you're no Brad Pitt."

(DEXTER sits on tire)

Beth, I love you. You're the only woman I've ever really cared about. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I want you to be just as proud of me as I am of you. But how can you? What are you gonna tell your girlfriends? "Dexter's generous and successful and loving ... but ... well, he has this problem."

(SILENCE)

I knew sooner or later you'd end up dating someone else. Disappointed and hurt? Sure. Wouldn't you be? But a car mechanic? Why a mechanic for God's sake?!

(Pause)

That second time we went out ... the car started smoking. Remember? You didn't say one word to me, not one word when I couldn't figure out how to open the hood. But I saw the way you looked at me, Beth, I knew exactly what you were thinking:

(Stares at recorder)

"I'll bet he has a hard time getting it up."

I warned you, didn't I? Our very first date? I told you I'm not a macho kinda guy, a jack-of-all-trades, a Mister fix-it. And you said ... I remember this like it was yesterday ... you said, "Who cares? I just want to be with a guy who's smart and sensitive." Smart and sensitive?

(Staring at tape recorder)

Beth, you're dating a guy who opens beer cans with his teeth and has a tattoo on his arm that says guard dog!

(SILENCE)

Look at me ... talking to a tape recorder. And where are you right now, if you don't mind me asking? With Guard Dog? Son of a bitch is probably showing you how to rotate his tires.

Look, Beth, I'm sorry for losing my temper. Doesn't matter anyway. This will be the last time you hear my voice. It's just not worth it anymore.

(Kicks tire)

This is the last straw.

(HE takes out a gun and stares a few moments at the tape recorder and tire. HE tries to work the gun, but it jams. He continues to fiddle with it, hitting it, etc., until he finally throws it down. HE takes out a pocketknife and begins jabbing the tire, repeatedly)

DEXTER

Happy now? Huh? You son-of-a-bitch!

(As HE continues to stab the tire, his CELL PHONE RINGS)

DEXTER

(Into phone)

Hello? Stop crying first. I can't understand a thing you're saying.

(Pause)

Sweetheart, didn't I tell you dating a mechanic's not all it's cracked up to be? Wait a minute ...

(Cupping hand over mouthpiece, HE steps backwards, upstage, and looks warily, off stage)

DEXTER

(Yells)

Who's there?

(SILENCE)

DEXTER

(Into phone)

Yeah, sorry, I'm right in the middle of something.

(A WOMAN ENTERS, with the letters "AAA" emblazoned across her shirt. SHE is carrying tools, including a tire jack)

WOMAN

Sorry it took so long.

(DEXTER quickly places his hand over mouthpiece)

DEXTER

Triple-A?

WOMAN

Traffic like you wouldn't believe.

(DEXTER continues to stare at the WOMAN)

DEXTER

(Into phone)

What? Oh, nothing ...

(The WOMAN leans down and looks closely at the slashed tire)

DEXTER

(Into phone)

... Just a flat tire.

(LIGHTS FADE)





Untitled by Kevin Mielec



365 Days in the Sandbox

By Dierdre Knobloch

I will wake to stillness
in 400 thread count arms

You will

wait

for pre-packaged sleep,
sweat lining your sea green eyes

I will glow like a supple peach,
a pink sugar blossom mouth

You will swallow sunnishiite sand
suffocating
until your honey tounge turns grey
and

silent

as

dust that does not kiss back

the sterile walls gossip to fill my silence,
telephone vigil day number 3-6-2

the faux men sleep off another South Beach,
camouflaged in Abercrombie -
Botox lips blistering with perverse cowardice

while you mouth first words to a God

as immense as loneliness



Silent Movies

By Chris Bluemer

He had been sick for weeks - first Mumps,
then Measles, Whooping Cough, now this -
an infiltration of invisible enemies relentlessly
beating his three year old body
to the point where he expected Mother's footsteps
on the stairs any moment, checking his room
as if he were a prisoner who could not be trusted,
which perhaps was true, for he did not understand
what the doctor meant when he whispered "Scarlet Fever"
to Mother in the stairwell a few days before,
only that she started to sob and because of this he felt
worse than when he had the bloated cheeks,
or the rosy spots he mustn't scratch, or Grandma's cough
worse than all of them combined, he thought as he lay in bed,
eyes fixed on the ceiling, sweating,
waiting for the glow of the stairwell light,
the sound of her slow shuffling climb,
her shadowy figure in the doorway,
her worried face,
the cool of her hand caressing his cheek,
except tonight he had not heard her footsteps,
so he asked Mother why there were no footsteps,
but when her lips moved, no words came out,
so he stared and asked her again
and again, and again, until Mother shook
him by the shoulder and her mouth
took the shape of a scream.



An Enlightenment of Creativity by Brian Fisch



POETS ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS